

THE FOWL AND THE JEWEL.

(Latest Edition.)

["A lady lost a diamond in a Paris cab. The cabman keeps fowls. One of the fowls was killed, and the diamond was found in its gizzard."—*Evening Paper.*]

ONCE a Parisian pullet saw—
While scratching in her owner's straw
In hopes, perhaps, of dainty fare—
A handsome diamond lying there.
Well-versed in LA FONTAINE, she knew
What fowls of culture ought to do;
So, to display superior wit,
With a wry face she swallowed it.
Alas! when diamonds are lost,
A hen's life is a trifling cost;
So with a twisted neck she dies—
Her ransacked gizzard yields the prize.

MORAL.

Her Æsor though a hen may know,
Over the cock she need not crow.

THE NOVELTY SYNDICATE.

(By Mr. Punch's Imaginative Reporter.)

II.—THE MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT.

No expense will be spared (said the representative millionaire of the New Magazine scheme) to run the monthly magazines—which are being bought up rapidly—on entirely fresh lines. To ensure this, a list of regulations and hints to contributors has been prepared. Their severity is obvious—though not so obvious as magazine articles themselves have been up to now. The more important regulations are as follows:—

As regards fiction—

(1) That it is possible for a young man and girl to exchange remarks in a train or at a house party or at an hotel abroad without necessarily finding out that they are "all in all to one another, dearest love," and that life had "hitherto been a blank."

(2) That a girl may sometimes travel by herself without a maniac getting in at the first stopping place.

(3) That every girl who takes up type-writing is not "divinely tall and most divinely fair," nor does she inevitably capture the heart of the first editor or author for whom she may do some work, and who has hitherto been adamant to feminine charms.

(4) That every villain need not own a run-away motor; nor every hero drive a motor with iron nerve and at record speed the first time he essays one.

(5) That married people do occasionally tolerate each other, and that even misunderstandings do not always end in the wife leaving London by the boat-train with a comparative stranger.



Horried Little Girl (seeing her Mamma in evening dress for the first time). "OH, MUMMY, YOU'RE NEVER GOING DOWN LIKE THAT! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT ON YOUR TOP PART!"

As regards other articles—

(6) That it is not of vital importance to learn that the quantity of soup drunk annually by a City alderman would float a new penny daily, or that the amount of saccharine substance consumed by a schoolboy in three years would keep a popular interviewer alive for three weeks.

(7) That every lady who is photographed is not necessarily a type of English beauty.

As regards matters in general—

(8) That, since big circulations are so distressingly common, the object of the "Novelty" Magazine should be to have as few readers as possible.

(9) That, in view of the select audience to which appeal would be made, contributors be required to pay heavily for the privilege of having articles inserted.

"And," concluded the Representative, with a far-away expression, "as everybody now writes for magazines, we fancy that the 'Novelty' Magazine will be a big success."

THE PIPER OF POSEN

AND THE PEOPLE WHO WOULDN'T DANCE TO HIM.

Air (*vaguely*): "*Hamelin Town's in Brunswick.*"

I.

POSEN town's in Posen,
And that's a province of Prussia;
And round this way, as you should know,
A matter of ninety years ago,
The Great Man brought his travelling show
Prior to leaving it badly frozen
Out on the ruthless plains of Russia.
Forts and bastioned towers determine
The range of the city every side,
And through it rolls the Warthe's tide
Washing the place, yet not so well
But the delicate German sense can tell
The taint that comes, when the winds are low,
From Slavs and such like vermin.

II.

Poles!
They breed so fast by swarms and shoals,
And can't be kept in their proper station,
But want a voice—poor ignorant drolls—
In the matter of popular education!
Pay, it's true, their taxes and tolls,
But won't remain like primitive moles
In suitable subterranean holes,
Nor adopt a decently servile air
To German officials planted there
With full permission to ply their staves
On the knuckles of contumacious knaves;
Forget, in fact, their Helot rôles,
And claim to preach
Freedom of speech
And the general use of their private souls!

III.

So it happened that one fine dusty day,
When matters had grown a shade too warm,
WILLIAM the War-Lord rode that way
In a terrible Prussian uniform.
And first he called for his mailed fist,
And gave his moustaches an upward twist,
And cried, as he buckled his burnished glaive,
"I'll teach My Poseners how to behave!
Let not a Slav attempt to show
(If he wants, that is, to remain alive) a
Nose or an eye as past I go
Full-rigged, but otherwise like GODIVA!"
And then he rehearsed a speech, "What ho!
Hark! ye serfs, to the tramp of My retinue,
And the fear of Me and of God I'll beget in you!"

IV.

On second thoughts he smoothed his brow,
And sheathed his fist in a velvet glove,
And stuck in his helm an olive bough,
And said, "I will stoop to win their love!
I'll have My people to make them merry
And greet My pageantry, passing through,
From all available points of view."
And straight he summoned a fleet equerry,
And "Spur," cried he, "to yonder town,
And bid My army and brave police
Not to commit a breach of the peace,
Nor shoot, nor maim, nor trample down
More of My Poles than necessary."

V.

And so with suave salute, he
Led in his league of troops,
And German throats grew fluty
With *Hochs* and loyal whoops;
But scarce an alien seemed aware
Of the KAISER's condescending air;
Nothing impressed the passive Poles,
Not even his charger's caracoles;
Never a hip or a haunch went swaying,
So to speak, to the piper's playing;
And though they behaved with perfect tact
Only a sprinkling grasped the fact
That a War-Lord riding there in state
Was a lovable object to contemplate!

VI.

And then in a well-prepared oration
(Other than such as go with the wassail—
Pilsener, not your British crass ale),
Poured in the ear of the Burgomaster,
Whose gratified heart went faster and faster,
He made a regal proclamation,
Allowing the city by special grace
To be no longer a fenced place—
A scheme that I chance to know was not
Thrown off extempore, on the spot,
While the generous blood ran red and hot,
But one that his wisdom had long ago meant
To put in force when he found the moment
Psychologic and melodramatic
For making the favour more emphatic.
And when he touched on the extra space,
And ventured to hope it would meet the case
Of the housing problem, and quickly cure
The ills of Posen's deserving poor—
Why, then on the actual men, it seems,
For love of whom he had launched these schemes
At Heaven knows how much fiscal cost,
This strangely liberal move was lost,
And the thing was a most amazing frost.

VII.

You can take a Pole, as I understand,
And play on his nerves with a German band,
But you can't convert his natural temper or
Get him to jig for a German EMPEROR.

O. S.

Notabilia Ficta.

[MR. SKEDDON: "One can never tell where one will finally go, but at present I am perfectly satisfied with New Zealand." From *Notabilia Ficta* in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.]

FOLLOWING the above excellent example, notwithstanding the painful ambiguity of its opening sentence, *Mr. Punch* proposes to pluck from time to time a few similar flowers of rhetoric or platitude. He begins with a single instance, suggested by the character of one of our greatest living Manxmen.

Mr. Hall Caine: Loyalty and patriotism are perfectly summed up in the noble saying—*ego et meus rex*.

Every Accommodation.

FROM the Hotel advertisements in *Bradshaw* we take the following (decently suppressing the name and place):—

"FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.—Hunters and Saddle Horses kept. Posting in all its branches. Open and Glass Hearse, and all equipments for First-class Funerals."

There is a catholicity about this which recalls the functions of St. Martin's-le-Grand, where "posting in all its branches" includes the conveyance of dead letters.



SARTORIAL TACTICS.

Lord R-b-rts and Mr. B-r-d-r-ck (at German Manœuvres, to sendry). "PERMIT ME, MY GOOD FELLOW." "AFTER ALL, WE HAVEN'T COME HERE FOR NOTHING!"



AN EXPERT OPINION.

Smithereens, Co. Donegal.

DEAR SIR,—Nothing will impede progressive legislation in the Transvaal more than the proposed dynamite tax. An article of daily use—in fact a national industry—in my own country, dynamite reduces over-population, clears open spaces, but, above all, is an unsurpassed medium for putting pressure on a despotic Government. A timorous local officialdom is therefore naturally protectionist in policy. Placed in the hands of a corrupt oligarchy (with a time-fuse attached) the explosive will instantaneously secure the free speech and individual independence so dear to a young country. I enclose a specimen. Yours,

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

LITERÆ INSANIORES.

(Twenty-First Century.)

I. FROM A LETTER IN THE "TIMES."

... "amounting to a public scandal. Yesterday, for example, I had to travel from Dover to London. There was not a vestige of a thunder-cloud in the air, so that, on this occasion at least, the habitual excuse of the South Eastern Electric Railway—that of 'atmospheric electrical disturbances'—was unavailing. None the less, Sir, we were actually one-and-a-half minutes late in arriving at the terminus, and our rate of travelling worked out at 122·5 miles an hour! And this, if you please, was a so-called 'express' train! Long-suffering as the public is, the South-Eastern directors will find that there are limits to its patience. Possibly it may seem to them a fine piece of humour to describe as an 'express' a train which crawls painfully along at little over two miles a minute, but I ask the aid of your powerful journal to assure them," etc., etc.

II. FROM A LETTER IN THE "DAILY NEWS."

... "A regrettable chapter in the history of the Liberal party, now closed, we trust, for good. Our internal dissensions have wrought untold mischief. They have delayed the righteous administration of this country by more decades than we care to count. But we will not waste time over unavailing regrets. The gloomy night is ended, the tardy dawn is here at last. The period of disunion is over; with closed ranks and unanimous battle-cry the Liberal party begins to-day its march to victory.

"I had written this much when there came into my hands the speech delivered last night by the leader of the



Captain Smythe (a good soldier, but no Society man, to his hostess). "I HAVE TO THANK YOU, MRS. BROWN, FOR AN EVENING WHICH HAS BEEN—ER—AFTER TWO YEARS ON THE WELD, MOST ENJOYABLE."

Opposition in the Lords, in which he allowed himself to criticise somewhat sharply the policy of his *confrère* in the Commons. His description of it as 'crass idiocy' seems to me, at this juncture, not wholly wise. Just when we hoped that we had gained complete unity," etc., etc.

III. FROM A LETTER IN THE "DAILY CHRONICLE."

"... with honest indignation the correspondence headed 'Should Men Work?' Shame, Sir, shame, I say, upon my fellow-women who allow such a question even to be asked! Is chivalry, then, quite extinct? My dear husband cooks our little dinner, and prattles with darling baby—yes, Mr. 'Iconoclast,' sneer, if you like!—but, rather than ask that tender and fragile

creature to *work*, I would cheerfully be an aerial-bus-conductor. And I have yet to learn," etc., etc.

IV. FROM A LETTER IN THE "FIELD."

"... threatens, in my opinion, to spoil the game. I do not deny that the previous novelties introduced from the other side of the Atlantic have proved beneficial to golfers. But this new Smackwell ball, which the worst driver on the links can send a mile or more, even with a topped stroke, is by no means a blessing. I do not mind paying a fair price—say £5, or so—for a good ball, but nine guineas is really too much. I have no pretensions to speak as a first-class player, for I seldom complete an eighteen-hole course in less than twenty-five strokes, yet I venture to urge," etc., etc.

HAPPY SHADES IN COLLEGE.

(To the Master of Trinity.)

IN from the narrow winding street
 We pass as we were wont to pass,
 Avoiding still with timorous feet
 The level lawns of sacred grass.
 And, even as happy shades might sport
 Through a bright space of storied tombs,
 We saunter through the grey old Court,
 And mark, each one his ancient rooms.

The gates are there on either hand,
 Their niches crowned with founder-kings;
 Still with a pensive murmur bland
 The ripple of the fountain sings.
 Yes! peopled by another race
 And alien to our hopes and fears,
 It is, it is, the dear old place,
 Unchanged through all the changing years.

Lo! shadows of our buried prime,
 Not as we were but as we are,
 With all our heavy load of time,
 Master, we come to you from far.
 A gathered troop of wandering ghosts
 Caught up and newly called from sleep,
 To you and your array of hosts
 Back from the vanished past we creep.

If, as we throng into the Hall,
 Our steps, that erst were light as air,
 With labouring gait sedately fall;
 And if you note our grizzling hair;
 And if the word we fain would speak
 Dies on our lips and we are dumb;
 And if the tear is on our cheek,
 Master, forgive, since we are come.

We, who were once imagined men
 Too gay to guard our fleeting joy,
 At your behest we come again,
 Our minds reversed, to play the boy.
 And while we still prolong the night
 Intent to make the hours creep slow,
 Jealous and in our own despite
 We feel the treasured moments go.

But one who from a window leant,
 (May Heaven forgive the graceless youth:
 No harm that fresh-faced fellow meant,
 But, ah, he spoke a bitter truth.)
 He smiled, he opened wondering eyes
 And called a friend—"This sight is queer!
 What brings," he said with some surprise,
 "This crowd of fogeys trooping here?"

He could not chill our glowing hearts:—
 When, each his boyhood's friends among,
 Our shades replayed their ancient parts,
 We felt, we knew that we were young.
 And, ere we pass, our meed of thanks
 Shall to our hosts be duly paid.
 We lived a day—the Stygian banks
 Reclaim their own, and we must fade.

R. C. L.

DURING the recent gales the s.s. *Scot* was not spoken till several days overdue. She was known in nautical circles as "the unspeakable *Scot*."

A HOLIDAY NOTE.

SIR,—For the benefit of many whose vacation is as limited as their means, may I be permitted to suggest an outing from my own personal experience? Thank you. When within hail of the big ship *La Marguerite*, anyone "*qui a le pied marin*," and no "impediments" or other incumbrances, may *en garçon* make a pleasant holiday by crossing to Ostend and back (to Margate or Tilbury), which, if *Miss Marguerite* is half-an-hour or so unpunctual, gives a good eight (or twelve, according to your point of departure) hours, there and back, of sea breeze, with plenty of room on board to take your accustomed exercise. Of course you know Ostend by heart and you don't want to land, or if you do 'tis simply to enjoy a cup of coffee, such as can be made only on the Continent, and a light cigarette, and then once more aboard the gallant barque. Given a fine day and a calm sea, and though you may have about nine hundred or a thousand other souls and bodies on board besides yourself and friends yet they are of no account as far as you and your small party are concerned, since they are like the poor—not as being "always with us," but as described in the familiar verse:—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad
 How many poor I see,
 And 'cos I never speaks to them
 They never speaks to me;"

and, "weather permitting" (*tout est là*), they are all enjoying themselves quietly enough, as Ostend does not offer to 'ARRY and 'ARRIET the irresistible attractions of the Boulogne *quai*, where, so to speak, it is all "beer and skittles." So the Ostend trip is not much of a favourite with 'ARRIET and 'ARRY.

I gather from some expressions which fell from the lips of an elderly lady that an infallible remedy against *mal de mer* was "once upon a time" invented by some Irish Pope of the name of ROACH. Hence probably the infallibility of the remedy. Perhaps this eminent Pope, of whom I never heard till now (but that fact is not absolutely against his historic existence), being sick of the See, determined to vacate it and take a simple cure. This is a byway of history which I must look into. But there are scraps of knowledge to be picked up *partout* even on a holiday trip at sea by

Your own TRUSTED TOURIST.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

IN Mrs. Clyde (METHUEN) JULIEN GORDON relates the story of a social career. The scene is laid partly in Boston, partly in New York, with the inevitable visit to Europe. My Baronite is not familiar with the name of the writer, but is inclined *chercher la femme*. Set a woman to describe a woman. Only a woman could enter into the zest of Mrs. Clyde's pursuit of a favourable position in the social firmament. Only a woman could fully picture the glory of her success, the pity and pathos of her declining years. Also, only a woman would write a paragraph like this:—

"The tea bell rang through the house. The table was set with cold ham, two mince pies as side dishes, preserves in saucers, at each plate dough-nuts and apples in plated baskets. Mrs. Dunham poured the tea; Mr. Dunham carved the ham. Ellen bore in the hot biscuits, which she dispensed."

That is not inviting, and, happening on an early page, is calculated to send the reader off to some other book. If he holds on he will come to a fine dramatic scene, swiftly, vividly described, where Mrs. Clyde calls upon the mother of the youth who has run off with her daughter, retreating after battle royal. Pauline, the stolen daughter, is an interesting study of a kind widely differing from the mother. The book is, indeed, full of character, which JULIEN GORDON handles with increased ease and skill as her task advances.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



AFTER THE PICNIC.

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.—IV.

It is over. I, too, have played the Volunteer—not with-out glory—on the tented plain of Sarum. Six days have I manoeuvred and done many things which, at my time of life, I ought not to have done. I have lain for hours prone on my stomach in dripping grass. I have fed on tomatoes, and steak-pudding, and cheese and other forbidden fruit. I have made my couch for seven nights on Mother Earth, my aching head pillowed on a kit-bag whose principal surface-contents were boot-trees and dubbing-tins and similar hardware, vainly seeking to supplement my damp pyjamas with elusive army blankets. For if by good fortune they happened to belong to my nearest tent-companion, they were promptly jerked away, more in anger than in sorrow, from my shivering limbs, whereas, if they were my rightful property, they wriggled away of their own accord. Nevertheless, for three days I revelled in the primitive simplicity of the life: I even drank beer and cider. On the fourth, offended Nature asserted herself; rheumatism, sciatica and indigestion marked me for their own, and on the seventh I hobbled home, a decrepit invalid with blistered feet.

My numerous female friends are, I find, only too anxious to restore me to health. "Mind," says one of them, in the postscript to her last letter, "I insist on your trying Pine Pills. My bootboy's aunt has had exactly your symptoms for years, and she lives on nothing else." (The italics are my own.) Another recommends Liver Beans. She writes that her cook has cured her housemaid's knee with them, or her housemaid her cook's knee—I forget which—and that I positively must take to them. And I am afraid I shall have to, in spite of the fact that I am neither a cook nor a housemaid, and that as a rule one doesn't have indigestion in one's knee. Finally, I have another friend, who does not wish me to try any remedies, for the excellent reason that she says I have nothing wrong with me. Pain? Oh, dear no: there's no such thing. Good is all: therefore, obviously, all is good. Apple tart, for instance? Certainly. Why, then, does it produce this tired feeling of having swallowed a live lobster with red-hot claws? Isn't that indigestion? Not at all, that's imagination. So to please her, while she is "treating" me, I call it by that name. But it still hurts.

After this somewhat painful digression, let me say that for those who are still young I can imagine no healthier and more attractive life than that of camp. Nowhere is a young fellow likely to run across such a host of pleasant and kindly companions, or such a universal spirit of good-fellowship. The recruit will find the older members of the corps, especially those of his own tent, almost squabbling with one another as to which shall show him how to adjust the straps and buckles of the fearful and wonderful harness which the patient private has to wear; how to roll his coat, and clean his rifle, and put on his leggings, and shake his bedding, and brail up the tent, and all the thousand and one little tasks which fill up the time from parade to parade. Their chief weakness is to talk of the first duty of a soldier, and then neglect it. For instance, one man in my tent, having informed me that the first duty was to keep one's impedimenta on the right side of one's palliase, invariably placed his own on the wrong, that is, the left side, and then looked reproachful when he discovered my well-dubbed boots sitting on his only clean shirt. Another—he was an Editor, fairly well informed and comparatively unassuming—was always so busy talking that he never made his bed, which consequently formed the nucleus of a general rubbish-heap for the rest of us. Yet he was quite the old soldier, and really thought himself rather smart till the Adjutant pulled his trousers down—over his leggings. From him I learnt the following tent-rules. If you wish to dispose of cigarette

ends, matches, bits of oily rag and so forth, throw them out at the back of your tent, so that they may seem to have come from the door of the tent behind. (We threw ours on the top of his blankets, but that is by the way.) If you must touch the tent when it is raining, do it over somebody else's bed. If you hear the word "fatigue" dropped by one in authority, run like a hare. Don't bring six boot-laces, or dubbing, or brown-polish, or scissors, or buttons, or a looking-glass, or razor-strops to camp with you. They only fill up your kit-bag, and someone else is sure to have them.

Camp-life makes one feel wonderfully like an ant. We were all so much alike, and we were so busy and so tiny, and we showed such remarkable instinct in finding our way to our own particular cranny in the ant-heap. At five in the morning, long before any sensible cocks were about, we were white ants (the punctilious few arrayed in shoes and towels), scurrying backwards and forwards to the bathing-pool which, to the huge surprise of the rest of the brigade, we had had constructed by the engineers. The red ants with the north-country accent were never tired of looking at us—we were such beggars to wash. Afterwards, till 6.30, followed a time of brushing, a brushing of chins, and hair, and teeth, and nails, and boots, and a cleaning of tents and bedding and rifles, which lasted without any interval for relaxation till the bugle went for Adjutant's parade. Then once more a scurrying, more orderly this time, and in a few minutes the ants are drawn up in regular grey rows, forming compact little companies, while the Adjutant rides about on a horse and calls us the most striking names he can think of. And, to do him justice, we deserve them, at the beginning of our training. At the end—well, we may not be finished soldiers, but, at least, we know (or think we do) as much about the new drill—well, as our officers.

The rest of the day—day after day for the whole week—is made up of meals and manoeuvres, during which last we look more than ever like ants as we crawl about the hill-side, scattered rows of little dots, firing at foes which are invisible with cartridges which are blank; and as we crawl and lie and double (though it's ill doubling with an aching stomach), I console myself with the thought that though each little individual ant seems rather ineffective, it takes a brave man to put his hand into a nest of them. And, having gone to the ants myself, I appeal with some confidence to the sluggards who still form the majority of the population, to follow my example, and consider their ways.

Told in Gath; Published in Ascalon.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have had a funny little print put into my hands. It calls itself *The Protest*, a *Journal for Philistines*. Methinks it doth protest too much. It says that it starts this month with a "Growthful Idea," and its "Great Hope is to keep young, bright and protestful." Oh why did the *Westminster* invent that hideous word "pushful" for the contamination of the unfledged? You will be greatly shaken, *Mr. Punch*, to hear that *The Protest* considers that you lack the Sense of Humour. It says: "Don't read *The Protest* if you suffer from Insomnia: read *Punch*." Personally, I do not suffer from Insomnia, but I am nevertheless tempted to follow this advice.

I am always a little sorry (especially when they show, as here, a distinct promise) to see the very young journals start in this kind of key: because it is recognised, in the profession, as the sure sign of impending fiasco. Let us hope that our young friends will survive this early fault, and ponder the words of THACKERAY (although he belonged to your Round Table) where he reflects upon the young *Emond's* affectation, and says, "*We grow simpler as we grow older.*"

Yours, dear *Mr. Punch*,

ONE OF THE ELECT.

THE OPEN "VELDT."

(A South African Story; as told in the sixpenny monthly magazines.)

By "Col. D. STREAMER."

It was nearly six o'clock on a warm evening in June when PIET GABRIEL VAN DER BEZEIDENHOUT, of Pifflekop, returned to the desirable family kraal which had been the home of his ancestors ever since the days of the Great Trek.

In the distance the chimes of the Dutch Reformed Church of Spoofburg were anxiously summoning worshippers to *Biltong*, as evensong is called in this country, the loud *disselboom* echoing pleasantly across the lofty snow-capped *spruits*, and losing itself in many a deep sheltered *krantz* where the *kop* (or native policeman) watered his flock of patient *dongas*, and the timid *bles-bok* hopped from twig to twig among the Cape-gooseberries.

Outside, upon the open veldt, PIET GABRIEL could hear the amorous mercec calling to his mate from the branches of some fragrant mimosa bush, while the occasional growl of an ant-bear gave evidence that one of these alluring little creatures was engaged upon its nightly avocation with as fond a hope of success as the obedient sluggard of the proverb.

Fortune had proved singularly favourable to PIET of late. His prickly-pear harvest promised to be a more than usually good one, and the tall mealie trees that cast their welcome shadows on his "lands" were already heavy with luscious fruit.

He flung down the armful of carbines of which he had that very afternoon relieved a too-confiding Yeomanry patrol, and sat down to his evening meal with a hungry smile.

After a frugal repast of home-made *Veldtschoen*, washed down by a tankard of the light *Karroo* of the country, PIET drew an empty packing-case to the grand piano (but lately left behind by a Flying Column of the enemy, and now the chief piece of furniture in the room), and began to sing that well-known ballad entitled:—"O, MARY, go and call the trek-ox home, across the sands of De-Aar!"

He was then about to attempt a simple ditty which he had picked up from an adjacent blockhouse, with the well-known refrain of "TOMMY, put the kettle on, and we'll all have condensed milk!" when a beautiful type of early Dutch maiden, weighing some seventeen stone in her hat, burst into the room.

Her face wore a look of wild alarm, and yet left sufficient space for the display (if necessary) of several other expressions.

"Volskied!" she exclaimed, in the patois of the Colony.



ONE OF "LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES."

"Rooineks?" was PIET's not unnatural query, as he scratched his head with a puzzled air and an explosive bullet.

"Donkerhoek, aasvogel!" she retorted with quiet dignity; and not till then did PIET understand the full import of her warning.

Realising too late that his house was surrounded by the hated "Khakis," he hurriedly concealed the tell-tale carbines in the grand piano, which, in its turn, was hidden from view by a dozen wooden champagne cases labelled "Hospital Comforts," attached a white flag (of which he possessed a varied assortment) to his knob-kerry, and, thoroughly expecting every moment to be his next, seized a bottle of Imperial Boot Polish

(Advt.) from an adjacent cupboard, and divested himself of all his clothes but two.

To black his body all over was the work of an instant, and when a disgusted British Colonel of Militia entered the room a moment later, it was to find a trembling Kaffir sitting in the place of the notorious rebel whom he sought so anxiously.

"Dop!" exclaimed the Colonel, who was noted for his felicitous choice of expletives. Then, turning angrily upon the inmates of the room, "What on earth did they want to drag me into this business for?" he asked.

"Kopje!" replied PIET GABRIEL BEZEIDENHOUT, which really summed up the situation with remarkable lucidity.



GUILDERSTEIN IN THE HIGHLANDS.—No. 2.

Mrs. G. "WE MUST LEAVE THIS HORRIBLE PLACE, DEAR. THE KEEPER HAS JUST TOLD ME THERE IS DISEASE ON THE MOOR. GOOD GRACIOUS, THE BOYS MIGHT TAKE IT!"

A UNIVERSAL BOON.

ALTHOUGH the Great are fairly free
From carking care, their flesh is heir to
Some ills which small men never see,
And wouldn't think of if they were to.

None but the truly Great can feel
The chilling sense of desecration
Induced by strangers who reveal
No knowledge of their name and station.

But now there dawns a happier day,
For some deft bookman has collected
The traits by which our Great Ones may
Be instantaneously detected.

The Great Man's walk, his frown, his laugh,
His taste with tailor, hosier, hatter,
Will all be shown by photograph
And choicely worded reading matter.

Thus little men the Great may know,
The Great enjoy their salutations,
And both their various ways will go
With mutual self-congratulations.

CHARIVARIA.

DR. JAMESON has declared that his Raid was an abominable one, but the Poet Laureate is still silent as to his poem on the subject.

THE KAISER has made a triumphal march through Posen in charge of the police. Poles without flags were the principal feature of the decorations.

THE United States Naval Manœuvres were suddenly stopped to allow ladies to visit the flag-ship. This has aroused much indignation, which has only been allayed by the statement that this would not be permitted in actual warfare.

THE SHAH has beaten his MINISTER OF WORKS at billiards. There was once a SHAH who was beaten by his MINISTER OF WORKS (since deceased).

FROM Holy Russia there is little news this week except that a capital invention is now in use on all convict ships, con-

sisting of a hose attached to the ships' boilers for turning steam on unruly convicts and boiling them alive.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING having decided to move from Rottingdean to a house four miles from any railway station in order that he may enjoy rest and quiet, one of our enterprising newspapers has published the poet's new address, and a special service of motor cars for excursionists will soon be running from the nearest railway station.

For wheeling a truck carrying 3½ cwt. over a policeman's foot in Cheapside, a man has been fined 2s. 6d. at the City Summons Court. This is cheap, and there is no reason why it should not become one of our most popular amusements.

Among recent donations to the Dublin Zoo was a horse "for the use of the carnivora." No such gift was made when re-mounts were in demand.



OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

MISS CANADA (to her Guardian, SIR WILFRID LAURIER, on his return from visiting England and France). "SO YOU'VE SEEN MY TWO GRANDMOTHERS; HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM?"

SIR WILFRID. "WELL, MY DEAR, THEY ARE BOTH SO CHARMING, THAT I'M SURPRISED THEY DON'T KNOW ONE ANOTHER BETTER!"



MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

IV.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

WE found Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL before the pier-glass in the midst of remarking, "Yes, men of Oldham." He turned as we entered, observing that he would not be long: he had only the peroration to deliver. This he discharged into the receiver of a phonograph for future reference.

He then removed the pebble from his mouth and with pardonable pride directed my attention to a stuffed vulture of singularly noble physiognomy.

"Is it *the* vulture?" we asked.

"None other," he said with a sigh.

"It never got over my escape, and died in great agony shortly afterwards. The



"Yes, men of Oldham."

taxidermist, a man of great penetration, pronounced its heart broken, a unique event in vulture circles, though the *Spectator* does record an instance of a determined act of suicide on the part of a pelican. I am writing a little memoir for the Natural History Museum at RAY LANKESTER'S request. The people of Durban presented me with the bird, stuffed. South Africa is indeed the land of gratitude."

We admired the bird, and contrasted its noble conduct with that of the vulture which preyed on the vitals of PROMETHEUS.

"Yes," said Mr. CHURCHILL, after musically chanting some lines from *Æschylus*, "it never told its love. Major POND wants me to send it to America as a sort of advance agent for my next lecture tour, but I can't spare it, and yet I hardly like to refuse. A



"It never got over my escape."

man's best friend is his Major. And yet I am bound to cross the Pond."

"What are your new subjects?"

"The House of Commons—and its reform. The British Army—and its reform. The British Navy—and its reform. The Universe—and its reform."

Noticing by his side a morocco-bound copy of *Savrola*, we asked Mr. CHURCHILL if it was true that his American namesake had actually asked him to change his name.

"The Americans," remarked Mr. CHURCHILL oracularly, "are a great nation."

Baffled at this point, we asked our Admirable CRICHTON if he were writing another romance.



"The duties of confidential adviser to Lord Roberts are not light."

"Ah!" he said darkly. "But surely you would not stop at one?" we protested. "BEACONS-FIELD—"

"I have many projects," he broke in, "and time is short. The duties of confidential adviser to Lord ROBERTS are not light. ROOSEVELT is impetuous and has to be constantly held in check." Here Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL significantly drew on a pair of boxing-gloves. "Oldham's claims are neither few nor insignificant. There are the articles on Oratory, Strategy and Tactics, that I have undertaken to write for the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Polo must be played with some regularity, or where will England be when the Americans come again? The Harris Tweed industry must be maintained against the



"That's how I fetch Oldham."

calumnious onslaughts of prejudiced pedants. DE WET'S forthcoming book will need an authoritative answer. Lord HUGH CECIL has to be watched."

He sighed, but was quickly his boyish self once more. Turning a complete back somersault he alighted with deft dexterity on his feet in a fighting attitude.

"That's how I fetch Oldham," he exclaimed with a ringing laugh. And we left him still equipped with the boxing-gloves in which he invariably writes his lectures.

The Approaching End of the Age.

A FINAL MAN . . . would like Engagement as Dispensing Help, &c. Can speak Welsh.—*Advt. in The Lancet.*

This last accomplishment, if persevered in, should ultimately qualify the gentleman to become *the* Final Man.

RONDEAU.

WHEN all is said, and thought, and done,
There's nothing new beneath the sun—
An observation, I confess,
That comes to us in Eastern dress,
The copyright of SOLOMON.

But why should I the sentence shun,
And struggle for a fresher one,
Since nothing new my toil can bless
When all is said?

And Israel's king, whose sands were run
Before my thread of life was spun,
By simple luck—no more or less—
He managed my ideas to guess!
Yet he has fame—while I have none
When all is said.

ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

IV.

M. SANTOS DUMONT, aéronaut, was charged in the interests of the atmosphere with the serious offence of not flying.

Mr. HENRY BIRD, who appeared for the prosecution, said that the case was a bad one. M. SANTOS DUMONT, although gifted with the extraordinary power of controlling an aerial machine, spent all his days in no longer using it. So far from flying at the present time, he had been found in a South-Eastern train. He announced a flight from the Crystal Palace round St. Paul's and back again, but it did not come off. He crossed to America to fly, and returned without having left the earth. It was an injustice to the atmosphere, and serious damages were claimed.

Mr. H. G. WELLS, called for the prosecution, said that certainly a man who could fly ought to fly. It ought to be made criminal for a man who could fly to take a cab. Personally he was not flighty, but he liked to think that his books had been the cause of flight in others.

Mr. JOHN SCOTT MONTAGU, M.P., Editor of *The Car*, said that it would be well if the case was dropped. The need of the present time was the development of the automobile. M. SANTOS DUMONT, by his fantastic tricks in mid air, was dragging a red herring across the trail. The more the prisoner didn't fly, the happier he, the witness, would be.

The Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., said that he couldn't think why he had been called in this case. Nothing was further from his capacity than flying.

The prisoner in his defence said that circumstances had been against him. He was always ready to fly; he lived entirely on aerated bread and drank nothing but soda water; but accidents would happen. He went to the Crystal Palace to fly, and someone ruined his

balloon; he proposed to fly round the Campanile at Venice and it fell before he could get there; he crossed to America to fly, and found it a land of sky-scrappers; moreover everyone was "fly" there.

He further promised that if the Bench would let him off this time he really would give English people the chance of seeing him control his machine.

The Bench acquitted the prisoner.

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"THE GUIDING OF THE GLOBE ENGENDERED THIRST."

Stephen Phillips's "*Ulysses*," Act I., Sc. 1.

regarding the charge as frivolous, on the understanding that he would read and report on Mr. HENRY JAMES's new novel, *The Wings of the Dove*.

Mr. GUY BOOTHBY, literary athlete and phonographer, was charged under the Factories Act with overworking thirteen typewriters.

Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM, Inspector of Typewriters for the Royal Humane Society, said that he had paid a surprise visit to the prisoner's house. He found him dictating serial stories into thirteen phonographs, and descending to a lower chamber found thirteen typists furiously at work. Their machines were groaning

with pain; indeed, the shrieks uttered by one of them, which, he afterwards ascertained, was reproducing a humorous yarn, were poignantly piercing. On calling upon the prisoner to desist from dictation, he was told that nothing could check the divine afflatus before dinner time. When that was reached the machines were prostrated with fatigue, and two or three of them were quite *hors de combat*.

The prisoner, who looked the picture of rude health, denied, in his defence, that the typewriters were overworked. He took his exercise that way, just as some men rode horses or bicycles, and others drove motors or played ping-pong. The typewriters were devoted to him. A young friend of his named MARY had a Baa-lock lent her by the prisoner, which followed her everywhere—even to school. Happier typewriters than his could not be found; the only sad moments in the house were when he had finished a novel and could not begin another. These intervals were, however, only of momentary duration.

Mr. A. P. WATT corroborated. He said he had never seen more cheerful machines than the prisoner's. The noises heard by the inspector must have been shrieks of delight.

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON said that he also was a literary athlete. He did not employ so many machines as the prisoner, but he had six constantly at work, yet they never complained. The physique of a typewriter was far more robust than the inspector supposed. He had one quick-firing large-bore machine that had fought with Remington's Scouts, and was now delighted to assist the witness in giving a waiting world the story of the romantic adventures of the captain of a Swiss submarine at the bottom of one of the canals of Mars.

The Rev. CLAUDIUS CLEAR stated that no self-respecting man of letters could dispense with labour-saving appliances. Simultaneous sextuple reviewing was quite impossible without resort to such machinery. For his own part he preferred a Nicoll-plated free-wheel, driven by a Kentish fire-engine.

Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS said that if a *Quarterly* reviewer were fairly entitled to write four reviews of the same book he could not see why a novelist of so fecund an imagination as Mr. GUY BOOTHBY should not be allowed to employ thirteen, or even thirty, typewriters. He had himself tried the ambidextrous use of a stylograph, but found it no longer equal to the task of coping critically with the output of the minor poets.

The Bench acquitted Mr. BOOTHBY of cruelty, but ordered him to grant his typewriters an eight-hours day.



KNOW THYSELF!

Miss Featherweight. "I TELL YOU WHAT, ALFRED, IF YOU TOOK ME FOR A ROW IN A THING LIKE THAT I'D SCREAM ALL THE TIME. WHY, HE ISN'T MORE THAN HALF OUT OF THE WATER!"

THE SILLY SEASON.

THE House is up. The Season's dead.
The Coronation's over.
The last distinguished guest has fled
By Liverpool or Dover.
No longer BOWLES pursues his prey
Or WINSTON CHURCHILL capers;
SEDDON has got no more to say—
There's nothing in the papers.

In vain at breakfast I peruse
The columns set before me,
There's not a thing worth calling news,
And "leaders" always bore me.
Reams on the Education Bill
From Tadpoles and from Tapers,
That sort of nonsense makes me ill—
There's nothing in the papers.

The King of ITALY's gone home
Pleased with his stay in Prussia,
LOUBET is going to visit Rome,
Quiet prevails in Russia.
BOTHAM & Co. are back again,
Delighting all the gapers,
KRUGER is better, so is STEYN—
There's nothing in the papers.

Three motor cars have been upset
By their adventurous drivers,
A ship's gone down, and nothing yet
Is known of the survivors.
A Prelate states his disbelief
In Father GALTON's vapours,

An Alpine climber's come to grief—
There's nothing in the papers.

In France the closing of the schools
No longer leads to tussles,
And anti-British ardour cools,
Or seems to cool, in Brussels.
The SHAH has spent ten thousand pound
In Paris at a draper's,
The usual crop of tourists drowned—
There's nothing in the papers.

UNPROFESSIONAL CONDUCT.

A CORRESPONDENT, who is an earnest student of the police news, has been deeply interested in the report of certain proceedings at the North London Police Court, where a lawyer argued that such an expert thief as his client would not steal an eighteenpenny clock. After searching in the Law Reports he is enabled, in the following extract, to furnish a precedent for this line of argument:—

Counsel, addressing the jury, represented the absurdity of accusing the unprincipled wretch (whom he was ashamed to be defending) of breaking into a church after evening service and stealing the collection. A man with his record flew at higher game than

that. He had burnt down an orphanage in 1881, and, though acquitted of forgery in Australia on a technical point (he could neither read nor write), was known to have shot a police inspector a year later.

Incidentally, he could prove an alibi; his client was breaking into a Bank fifty miles away at the time. But, even assuming that he was sober so late in the evening—a large assumption—would a really smart man (*gratified blush from the prisoner, which was instantly suppressed*), who could escape from Newgate and blow up an arsenal, be in want of a beggarly church collection?

To sum up, the prisoner was too bad to have committed the crime—*this crime*. True, he had owned to his guilt on being arrested, but he implored the intelligent gentlemen in the jury-box to place no reliance on the word of a perjured—

Here the jury stated that they had heard enough, and acquitted the prisoner, who left the Court without a stain on his character.

On a ball, despatched by Mr. JESSOP to the boundary at a speed that eludes the naked eye—"Not lost, but gone for four."



STAG-HUNTING ON EXMOOR.

THE MIGHTY ATOM.

[“There is now ready one of the most remarkable novels ever issued in the English tongue.”—*Publishers' Advt.*]

The Landing-place in Stratford-on-Avon Churchyard.

Verger. Trippers! The cry is, still they come. But who
Come paddling in this ancient weird canoe?
Although with constant care they bale the boat,
They scarce can keep the crazy craft afloat.
And what a spectral crew! No mortals these.
My hair stands upright—terror shakes my knees.
Fain would I fly, but paralysing fear
Forbids my limbs their use and roots me here.
Hark! What is that? What strange sepulchral dirge
They chant as up the stream their bark they urge!

Chorus Without.

Row, brothers, row!
We are nearing our haven.
The boat's a bit slow,
But row, brothers, row!
We've only to go
To Stratford-on-Avon.
So row, brothers, row!
We are nearing our haven.

The boat puts in at the landing-place. Shades of FIELDING, THACKERAY, DICKENS, SCOTT, etc., disembark.

First Shade. Ho, Verger, where's the shrine? Nay, what can ail thee?

Why blenchest? Wherefore should thy courage fail thee?

Verger. O many weird and wondrous trippers come
On cheap half-day excursions down from Brum;
And Yankees too—but never did I see
So strange a party. Tell me, who are ye?

Chorus.

Through the dark and gloomy portals
From the Islands of the Blest,
Where securely Fame's immortals
From their life-long labours rest,
We have come in CHARON'S wherry,
Which we found was leaky—very.

For there whispered us a Rumour
Of a mighty master-mind,
Great in pathos, power and humour,
And in sentiment refined,
Who by popular criterion
To us satyrs was Hyperion.

So, defying all disaster,
Off we started down to lay
At the feet of this great master
Each his meagre crown of bay.
For we could no longer bear them
When a mightier should wear them.

Verger, you have heard our story.
Guide us therefore to the shrine
Where the literary glory
Of our country so doth shine,
That with reverent emotion
We may pay our pure devotion.

Verger. With pleasure, gentlemen. This way, please!

First Shade. He's making for the church-door, is he not? *Scott!*

Second Shade. Dickens! What does it mean? Have they enshrined

Already in the church this master-mind?

Verger. Already? Yes.

First Shade. How swiftly out they ferret,

In this enlightened century, true merit!

Verger. Swiftly? Why SHAKESPEARE has been—

Shades. SHAKESPEARE! Oh!

Verger. Why, what's the matter? Wherefore stare you so?

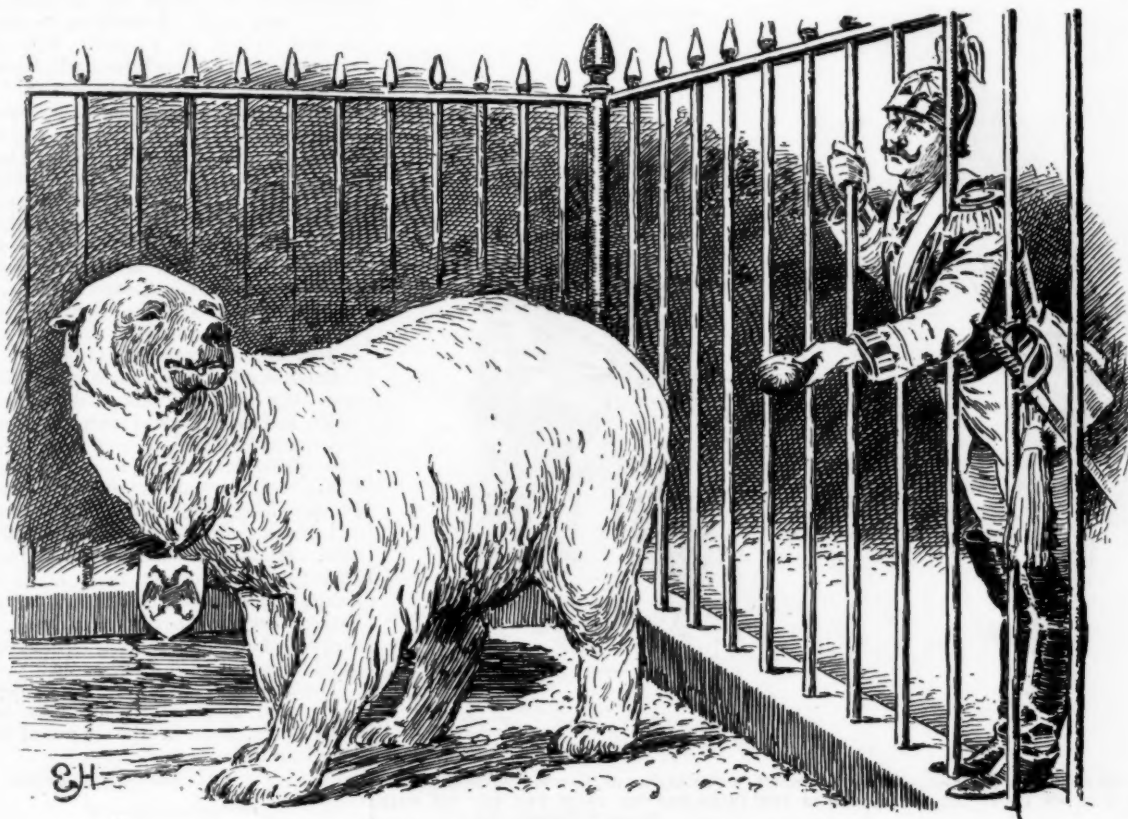
Chorus.

He thinks we've come from Elysium,
Like trippers who throng in their legions,
To visit the tomb of SHAKESPEARE, whom
We've got in the Nether Regions;
Why, we've come to call on a greater than all
Your WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES—drat 'em!—
On one who is prized and advertised
As a very much mightier atom.
Yes, that's why we've come from Elysium
At the early cock's reveille—
'Tis to visit of course the great new force,
The marvellous Miss CORELLI.

Intelligent Foreigner (looking up from his "Bædeker" as he passes the Army and Navy Stores). If you please, is zis ze War Office?

Very Intelligent Native. No; it's a place of business.

In the preface to a poem in the *Chronicle* it is reported that Mr. MAX PEMBERTON has been describing professional football-players as "hired ruffians," and "trained footpads worrying a leather ball." Mr. KIPLING must look to his laurels.



THE PRO-POLAR BEAR DECLINES THE BUN.

["POSEN, Wednesday, September 3.—I learn that some of the Russian officers here, although guests of the KAISER, have spoken Polish and secretly fraternised with rich Polish families, assuring them 'We are your brothers!' This action has caused much comment."—*Daily Mail*.]

"LODGINGS."

Where are the beds all stuffed with
brick?

Where are the towels damp and thick?
Where does the cooking turn you sick?
In lodgings!

Where do we get through pounds of tea
And milk enough to fill the sea?
Where dwells the most aggressive fl—?
In lodgings!

Where is the mantel decked with shells?
Where do they never answer bells?
Where are those horrid sinky smells?
In lodgings!

Where is the slavey far from clean,
Her eye a pool of sullen green,
Her buttons few and far between?
In lodgings!

Where do they keep a hungry cat,
Who takes a taste of "this" and
"that,"
Leaving you simply bones and fat?
In lodgings!

Where does the dust lie thick and deep,
And horrid spiders round you creep
Because they never brush or sweep?
In lodgings!

Where do we meekly bear all ills,
Nor dare dispute the weekly bills?
Where do we stay against our wills?
In lodgings!!

TRANSATLANTIC ICEBERGS.

THE Americans who visit Yewrope appear to be of two kinds—the noisy and the quiet. It may be that the tranquil ones come from the New England States, and the hustling ones from Chicago and the great West. However this may be, one's first impulse would be to associate with the quiet people. The squeaking, screaming, nasal conversation of the others is insupportable. No doubt their raucous voices distress the placid Americans also, and prompt some of the latter to speak so softly that their murmured words become absolutely inaudible. I doubt if anyone anywhere

speaks in as low a tone. The London physician's bedside voice is a shout compared to it. After the vigorous conversation of French or Germans or ordinary Americans, this soft whisper is as soothing as the ripple of a stream against moss. But a stay of some days in an hotel full of unduly quiet people seems like a temporary sojourn in a tomb.

There is one such at Heidelberg, an excellent hotel high up in the fresh air above the Castle, where recently I discovered more of the very tranquil Americans than I had ever met before. "Met" is not the word. One might stay there for a month, and sit every evening in the smoking-room with the same men, and never "meet" them. Also one would never hear them. One would only see them, as one might see some marble statues in a conservatory. As for the ladies, young and pretty, or middle-aged and—let us say, with complexions less pleasing—they maintained a still more discreet silence.



Old Gentleman (to James, whom he has recently promoted from the farm to be his body-guard).
 "JAMES, GO UP TO MY STUDY, AND IN THE THIRD DRAWER FROM THE TOP YOU WILL
 SEE—"
 O. G. "YES. HOW DID YOU FIND THEM?"
 James. "CIGARS, SIR!"
 James. "VERY GOOD, SIR!"

They never spoke to male strangers, naturally, or even female strangers. They never spoke to the other American ladies, and they hardly ever spoke to the members of their own party.

I have to lament one unfortunate indiscretion on my part. In a large room intended for smoking, and provided with a piano used by the ladies, two of the glacial American girls, guarded by their frigid friends, were playing one day at ping-pong. I was wading through a German newspaper and they came and played close to me. Curiously enough, instead of having some superlatively silent racquets, made perhaps of petrified cotton wool, they used the worst kind, producing the original horrid, irritating noise of that despicable game. As I read on, gradually reaching the verbs at the end of each journalistic sentence, I became aware that the noise ceased, and I discovered that the ball was under my chair. Without reflecting that I had never been introduced, I picked up that ball and handed it to the American girl. I did not speak, I did not look at her, I merely bowed respectfully.

Yet after that indiscreet intrusion she and her friends always glared at me—if "glared" describes the aspect of icebergs—as at a dreadful Englishman, who might after a month say "Good morning" to her poppa.

It was pleasant, among these gloomy travellers, to meet a cultured Parisian family, whose charming good manners did not prevent them from smiling or speaking. They spoke audibly, though softly, and, again unlike the Americans, they appeared to take an intelligent interest in everything.

Once only they seemed depressed. They returned to the hotel one evening and sat silent for a time, and then, one by one, Madame, Mademoiselle, Monsieur, and the son, gravely wished me "Bon soir," and vanished.

"Can it be," I thought, "that this family, so gay, so charming, has at last been frozen by the American atmosphere? Shall I return to England a sort of snow man?"

The next morning it was all explained. "Nous étions abrutis," said Monsieur, "nous sommes allés dans un restaurant allemand manger un vrai Abendessen."

Of course at our German hotel the excellent cook served up no German dish of any kind. Everything he gave us was French or English. Like all enthusiasts, the French family had gone to the extreme. They had not tried a *Kalter Aufschnitt*, because they were already acquainted with *viandes froides assorties*; for the same reason they had avoided *Rhein Salm* and *Forellen*; they had rejected a *Grüner Salat*, which was merely a *salade de laitue*; and they had not been tempted to eat some *macédoine de fruits*, although it was called a *Gemischter Kompot*. And on that occasion good white German wine was not for them, since it is really not so very unlike Graves or Chablis.

Determined to have something entirely new, they had boldly attacked a supper which no German would attempt. They had eaten *Schinkenbrot*, and *Wurst*, and *Kartoffelsalat*, and *Sauerkraut*, and *Pfannkuchen*, and *Schwarzbröt*, and *Pumpernickel*, and each one of them had drunk two large glasses of Munich beer. It was all such a change from Paris; you could get none of those things *chez PAILLARD*, or at the *Café de Paris*; they had never eaten such a supper before—and Heaven forbid they should ever eat such a one again!

The next day they went on to Bayreuth, and left me, though not for many hours, alone in the silence of the American icebergs.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

TO BACKSHEESH.

O TYRANT of these latter days,
 No cunning can evade you;
 How very few are found to praise,
 How many to upbraid you!
 I pay your toll, I grant your boon,
 And, when you deem it proper,
 I tip with silver, like the moon,*
 At other times with copper!

When, on a memorable day,
 I wore the badge of Hymen,
 For your sake I became the prey
 Of cabmen, porters, flymen;
 The wizened verger seized on you
 With wonderful avidity;
 Alas! the love-god's retinue
 Had much of his Cupidity!

Though some would end your reign, and
 free
 The land from your abuses,
 More spreading palms each day I see
 Than tropic isle produces!
 Though Britons never will be slaves,
 Thanks mainly to our shipping,
 Despite our patriotic staves,
 We all are slaves to tipping.

* . . . By yonder blessed moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.
Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 2.